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No. 401

NOVEMBER.
BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"No meat!" the butcher says sometimes,
When I am ready to bring him.
The last sighs and says "no rhyme!"
And leaves his last verse without filling.
"No letter!" with this sentence brief
Our P. M. puts out hope's last ember,
And Nature turns another leaf.
To greet us with the cry—"November!"

No zephyrs now to fan our cheeks.
No cider, Nature's liquid treasure;
No breezes, Nature's liquid breezes—
The air's too chilly for that pleasure!
No stars but cold ones in the sky.
Their icy twinkle all remember,
No linen coats now greet the eye,
No end to chills and colds—November!

No robin in a leafy bough,
No lovers walk across the meadow;
No sherry-cobblers cool us now,
The sun sets earlier, and the day is slow!
No morn but what is pinch'd with cold,
No pocket for the nasal member;
No linen pantaloons are sold,
No ice-cream festivals—November!

No hangers o'er the garden gate,
With lips to lips beneath Astarte;
No courting by a fireless grate,
No "invites" to a moonlight party.
No maid to keep alive love's ember;
No wife to make home lively spot;
No one to build his fires—November!

No swallows twittering under eaves,
Their absence help to make life dreary;
No novel-reading 'neath the leaves
Of summer till the eyes grow weary.
But with a smile we welcome her,
The sun's bright beams will remember;
For every year the almanac,
Or something else, brings us November!

Gold Dan;

OR,

The White Savages of the Great Salt Lake.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE DANITES OF MORMON LAND.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "VELVET HAND," "INJUN DICK,"
"OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON,"
"WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"
"BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

GOLD DAN'S MISDEEDS.

"Too late! what do you mean?" and perceiving that her glance was fixed upon the door, he turned his head and looked in that direction.

Clark and his companions had advanced to the bar, which was close by the door, and had called for drinks, without troubling themselves to look around the room.

"Don't you see the Duke of Corinne?"

"And who is it that rejoices in that high-sounding appellation?" Dan asked, apparently in blind ignorance.

"What is the matter with you?" Kate cried in astonishment; "you know John Clark well enough!"

"Oh, yes—certainly!" Dan responded, quite readily; "but touching this Duke of Corinne that you spoke of—"

"Why, that's John Clark!" the girl returned, amazed. "Don't you remember?"

"Oh yes, of course, now that you speak of it," the man confessed, with seeming indifference; "but I've such a poor head to remember anything."

"I don't see how you could possibly forget John Clark, and you've only been away about four months."

The girl was evidently mystified, hardly knowing what to make of the man.

"Four months, eh?" Gold Dan remarked, slowly and reflectively, "and I've been gone four months!"

"Well, you ought to know; but you're wasting time; why don't you escape through one of the windows?" They have not seen you yet."

"Who do you mean?" Dan asked, apparently not in the least alarmed, "Clark and his—"

"His Mormons!"

"Oh, that party that came in are all Mormons, eh?"

Kate stared at the speaker for a moment in utter wonder.

"Why, what has got into you? You know every man of them well enough!"

"Do I? oh, yes, of course;" but it was plain the speaker was puzzled.

"And there is Bellman Googer, who has sworn to shoot you on sight!"

"The deuce he has!" and the man appeared astonished at the intelligence. "Will you have the kindness to point him out to me, so that I can be on the look-out for the gentleman?"

"Why, you know him as well as you know me!" was Kate's quick reply, as she half-rose from her seat.

Dan took a good look at the beautiful face of the girl, and then answered, slowly:

"Yes, I suppose I do; but which one of the crowd yonder is he?"

"That stout, fat man with the big boots, drinking champagne."

"Oh, yes, I see; and he's going to kill me on sight, is he?"

"Yes, you know he is. Come! don't be rash! You can easily escape through one of the windows; none of them have seen you yet; it has been reported that you were killed on the Montana trail, and one man said that he saw you dead, with a bullet through the brain. Your



There came a sudden shot, followed by the cry of a mortally wounded man.

appearance here to-night is a surprise to all; meaning of the word when applied to a human," he answered, quietly. "When my time comes I'll die, and not before; but let me take this opportunity to thank you for the service you have rendered me. Through your warning I am prepared for my enemies. I fancy that Gold Dan must hold a pretty high place in your esteem."

The girl laughed.

"You and English Will are my two best friends, and I don't know which of you I like the best," she replied, lightly.

"English Will?"

"Yes, he is the captain of the grading gang on the Union Pacific, you know."

"Oh, yes," and he looked around. "Is he here to night?"

"Not yet; but you and he mustn't quarrel, mind!"

"You are joking!"

"No, honest injun; and, by the way, what have I done to this fat man that he desires to imbrue his hands in my gore?"

"Why, you cannot possibly have forgotten me," Kate cried.

"I assure you that my memory of the life I have led to this fat Mormon, so that I may be prepared for him, when he discovers me, which he will be sure to do after he gets through drinking."

"You ran away with one of his wives—his fifth wife, the youngest and the prettiest of them all; Mary-Jane!"

"Oh, I run off with Mary-Jane, did I?" and this strange man made a comical face.

"Yes, where is she now?"

"Hang me if I know; but I say, is there anything else that I have done—there are any more around Corinne, that you know of, who are dying to take my scalp?"

"All the Mormons hate you!"

"You know well enough! you call them names—say that their Prophet is a fraud—"

"And so he is!" he cried, abruptly. "In that particular the Gold Dan of the present exactly agrees with the Gold Dan of the past."

"You will stay, then, and brave the danger?" the girl asked, anxiously.

"Yes; I reckon from the manner in which I am greeted on my entrance, a while ago, that I am not without friends in this place."

"No doubt you have friends, but few men in the town would care to take your part if John Clark takes a hand in the game," Kate answered earnestly.

"John Clark? That's the big fellow yonder, the Duke of Corinne, eh?"

"Yes—a very dangerous man."

"Yes, no five or ten men dare to stand against him. He is the chief of the Danites—the terrible Destroying Angels that execute the vengeance of the Mormon leader. He is said to have killed over fifty men with his own hand."

"A terrible fellow, ain't he?" and as Gold Dan made the remark, with his keen, cool eyes he was surveying the proportions of the Mormon leader, but there was no look of apprehension on his features.

"But you do not seem to fear him," and as Gold Dan looked into the face of the buckskin-clad man with a curious gaze.

Yet the girl knew full well that to attempt to brave the Mormon power, or step be-

"Fear, miss? I reckon I don't know the

thing is. This man forces the quarrel on me, and all I ask is a fair show. Can I have it?"

An emphatic "Yes" came from the lips of nearly every man in the room, despite the angry looks of the Mormon gang.

"That's all I ask!" Gold Dan cried, "and now then, fat scoundrel, proceed to smash!"

"Oh, I'll fix yer!" Googer yelled, as he made a blow at the smiling face before him. It was a stroke that would have almost felled an ox.

But like the lively flea, renowned in story, Gold Dan wasn't "there"; he dexterously dodged the blow and the Mormon bruised his knuckles against the wall, splitting the board clear in twain; but, before he could recover himself, the plainsman, who had nimbly slipped under his arm, had him round the middle of the body, raised him from the floor, and with a strength which few would have believed possible, pitched the burly "saint" headlong to the other end of the room.

Down went the Mormon, all in a heap, with a concussion that shook the very house to its foundations.

A long breath came from the spectators, who had anxiously watched the scene—a breath of relief that the Mormon bruiser had met his match.

Then Gold Dan quickly stripped off his gaudy hunting-shirt and tossed it to the Monte Queen to hold, rolled up the sleeves of his flannel shirt, displaying a pair of arms, wonderful in their development; and, too, the bystanders saw that in the belt that girded in his supple waist, the plainsman carried a small arsenal of offensive weapons.

The Mormon, perceiving that he had taken no easy task upon himself, also stripped for the contest. He was bruised and battered by the fall and his right hand was almost useless, injured by the terrible blow which had fallen upon the wall.

"Game," though, was the Briton; but he advanced with caution, determined this time not to hold his antagonist too cheaply.

But the Mormon, despite his boasting, was no boxer, as was soon apparent, for, after a few passes, the plainsman made a desperate lunge with his left hand at the puffy face of his antagonist; in haste the Mormon essayed to ward the blow, and uncovering himself by the action, gave his skillful foil a chance to plant a most terrific right-hander full in the stomach, just above the belt.

The blow when it struck sounded like a vigorous thump given to a bass drum, and with a howl of pain the Mormon went over flat on his back, knocked completely out of time.

The bystanders roared—the Mormons excepted, for they swore fearfully. This was the most ridiculous fight that the town of Corinne had ever seen.

It was fully five minutes before the bully recovered.

"No more fists! Give me a pistol, somebody!" he cried.

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CHAPTER VII. UNDER THE MOON.

"Gin me a pistol, I say!" the enraged Mormon vociferated, smarting with pain, every bone in his body aching, the result of the violent concussion with the floor.

The bystanders had watched the scene with anxious eyes.

Gold Dan was pretty well known in the town of Corinne, having made it his head-quarters in the past, when in from scouting. A prairie-guide and scout, he was reputed to be very excellent in his calling; a bold, daring fellow, who held his life at a pin's fee; a good shot, skillful on the trail; an able wielder of the ponderous bowie-knife, so common to the frontier; but not a man within the room had ever imagined that the plainsman could "handle" himself so well in a fist-fight match.

No mean foe was the brawny Briton, as more than one boasting borderer had found to his cost, and yet Gold Dan had played with him as though he were but a child.

Even the dark-faced Danite leader, stern John Clark, knitted his brows and looked with wonder upon the scout. The bold "Duke of Corinne" was not given to underrating a foe, but even in his highest estimate he had never held Gold Dan highly; but after this display of the plainsman's quality, Gold Dan had rose much in his estimation; therefore the Danite attempted to restrain the bruised and beaten Googer.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, man!" he said in the ear of the Mormon, grasping his shoulder with his strong hand; "you've got enough; come away!"

But the Briton was as obstinate as a mule.

"I ain't 'ad enough! Blast my heyses if I'm going to give it up so! It's 'is ear's blood I'm after now! Somebody lend me a barker, now—quick!" he cried.

For a wonder the Mormon was not armed.

"Who wants a pistol?" cried a loud, hoarse voice, as a brawny, six-footer, attired in a red-flannel shirt, sadly in need of soap and water, rough pantaloons and big boots, strode into the saloon. A shock of red hair covered his head, the frowsy ends escaping from under the edge of the well-worn, high-crowned felt hat he wore, and his chin was hidden by a bushy red beard. The belt that girded in his massive waist supported a whole arsenal of small weapons.

The man was a stranger to Corinne, and all within the room looked at him with astonishment.

"Kin I believe me ears?" the stranger ejaculated. "Do I hear a free American citizen cryin' out for a pistol? Ware's the man! I

kin'g in him a choice of we'pons all the way from a jackass battery down to a pop-gun!"

The giant's eyes now fell upon the figure of Gold Dan. "He gave a start, brought his brawny palm down upon his thigh with a snap that sounded like the report of a pistol. "Wa'al, durn my old cat's left hand hoof!" he cried, "I reckon I've seen you afore, pilgrim! Shake!" and he made an affectionate rush at the plainsman and shook hands with him vigorously. "It's a heap of years since we paddled our canoes together!"

"Yes, you remember me, Gold Dan, eh?" the plainsman replied, with a searching glance into the face of the other.

"Sartin, in course! Why I knowed you was my antelope the moment I set eyes on you; but, I say, what's the man that was a-howlin' for a pistol?"

The Mormons had taken advantage of the interruption, afforded by the giant's entrance, to gather around Googer and endeavor to persuade him to give up his purpose of meeting the plainsman in a pistol encounter.

"You fool! he'll settle your hash, dead sure!" cried one.

"You won't stand any chance at all!" declared another.

"He's a dead-shot!" exclaimed a third.

But they might as well have talked to the winds as far as producing an impression was concerned. The blood of the beaten Mormon was up and nothing but a duel to the death would satisfy him.

A fair type of the average follower of the Latter Day Saints was Googer—a brutal, ignorant fellow, with very little more brains than a bull dog, and possessed of the dogged ferocity that is the characteristic of that brute.

"I want a revolver and I don't want no talk!" he cried, bluntly. "I reckon that I'm a good shot as he is, or hany two like 'im!"

"Let him have his way," Clark said, contemptuously. "Give him a revolver, some of you, and you had better make your will, Googer, for this fellow will be pretty sure to settle you."

Googer, busily engaged in examining the revolver which one of his companions had handed him, merely growled; his rage was so great that he could hardly speak.

The Mexican, Castana, the proprietor of the saloon, who had been a quiet witness to the scene which had transpired, now thought it time to interfere.

"Gentlemen, let me suggest that you add your to the street," he said, in his quiet, smoky way. "The moon is bright—there is plenty of light, and it is a far more suitable place."

"Yes, to the street!" Clark exclaimed; "we need air and room."

And then the Mormons at once poured through the door, taking the unwilling Googer with them; the angry Briton hated for an instant even to lose sight of his foe.

"And was that the coon that wanted the pistol?" the red-shirted giant cried, "and he wanted it for to red you with! Wa'al, durn my luck! I was a g-wine to lend him one of my pop-guns; an' he's one of the Mormons, too, I reckon—the cusses that wrastle with five wives, when one is enuf' to make a mule sick; but you kin salivate him, I reckon."

"I can try," the plainsman replied, quietly.

This conversation took place as the two were passing through the door, following the lead of the Mormons.

The moonlit street did indeed give ample scope for the designs of the men who were about to stand up opposite to each other in mortal encounter.

All the men within the saloon had marched into the street anxious to behold the shooting match, and even the dark-eyed Queen of Monte, dashing Kate of Durango, through the open door of the saloon watched the proceedings intently.

The Mormons had gone up the street two or three hundred yards and were clustered together; Gold Dan leaned carelessly against one of the awning-posts of the saloon waiting for the ball to open.

The bystanders generally had selected positions from whence a full view of the fight could be had without danger of stopping a ball. In these street encounters the bystanders are generally exposed to about as much peril as the actual duelists themselves.

Long John Clark left the Mormon group and advanced down the street to where the plainsman was standing.

"Are you all ready?" he asked.

"Yes," Gold Dan replied.

"So is the party yonder; are you willing that I shall give the signal for the thing to commence?"

"I've no objection."

"I'll do the square thing, you may depend upon it; you're almost a stranger to me, and maybe I'm the same to you, but I reckon that there isn't a human on top of this earth that can say that John Clark ever took a mean advantage of the man that trusted him. I'm no friend to you, stranger, and I shouldn't be sorry to see you get the worst of it, but you shall have a fair show as far as this fight is concerned."

"That's all I ask," the plainsman replied, quickly, "and as to your friendship or hatred, I despise the one and laugh at the other. This fool forced the quarrel on me and yet I don't seek his life, although the moment he gets within the range of my revolver, I reckon I shall hold the fee simple of it. But, go ahead with your bird's egg; I ready for you."

"I'll take a position midway between you two," Clark said, a scowl upon his dark face, caused by the bold words of the scout. "At the word 'one,' you will step out into the middle of the street, at 'two' advance and open fire."

"All right, go ahead!"

Clark turned upon his heel and walked up the street about a hundred yards, retired to the side of the road, and with his strong, clear voice gave the first signal:

"One!"

The two antagonists stepped out into the middle of the street, and then came a sudden shout, followed by the cry of a mortally wounded man.

(To be continued—commenced in No 400.)

"WHEN is the best time to pick apples?" This is a very simple question. The best time for such work is when the farmer is not looking and there is no big dog in the orchard.

A YELLLOW citizen of this republic approached the clerk of a Tennessee County Court, and, prefacing his remarks with a roll of currency, said: "I's lived fro' dis worl' so fur 'long. I's took it hot an' col'. I's experienced dese trials in comfort an' out. Da frests has drove dis chile to de wall long 'nough. He 'poses to fortify 'gainst de ills of life. Give dis 're chile papers to unite him on—in dem bounds ob matrimony."

UNspoken QUESTION.

BY E. FOXTON.

I mount to your chamber. Your slow, pillow'd head, At the sound of my name turns. I sit by your bed, And I know, and you know, that you are passing away. But up to my lips, as the tears to your eyes, To be forced back, surge questions that find no repose; Do you think my light glance, in your face firm as wan, Take no note of the trenches which nearer are drawn? Day by day by the fee that lays siege to your life? Are you glad to be led, in mid-hea't, from the strife of Earth's straining race-course, to hide eye and ears From the glare of men's gaze and the noise of their chatters, Even though ev'rything, in the dust to lie down, Forgetting your nose and forgoing the crown? Or, more sharp than the pangs of the flesh, to the soul? Is to fall within sight—out of reach—of your goal? Does your soul, as the foot of the spoiler draws nigh, Bow down to the pit or lay hold on the sky? Can you pass through the valley you walk toward alone? Any glimpse afar of the Lamb on the throne? Shall you lean, as you tread the steep brink of the grave? On the arm of the One who is mighty to save?

When sleep's silent chambers have drawn in the crowd? When the town's voice grows low and the clock's roar grows loud? When up to your ear from the pavement comes faint The step of the sinner or late-serving saint— When pain from your pillow drives slumber away, And the night-lamp burns down with its dull, sickly ray.

And the drowsy nurse nods, like a punctual ghost, Glides in R' mose to keep watch at her post? Does Conscience stand by you, a comforting word?

For you says, ere Eternity's sentence is heard?

Though many are nearer, and some are more, Unto me, yet, oh friend of many a long year!

If some might be warning, now even my true, As I think and believe, have been toward me than you!

When the slow but sharp shears on your thread shall be shut, Can you see how one strand of my own will be cut?

Intertwined—slender, still of its fairest in glow, Down into the dark in your coffin to go?

I know not, and now I may scarce look to know—

So near Death leans o'er you to set his great seal To your silence on all that you fear, or you feel.

Then I query and muse, and we finish our talk

And I go forth alone in the sunshine to walk,

Strong in health and purpose, but under a weight

That treads on my heart like the foot of your ghost—

Go come to sad dirges and dreariest verse,

Through the streets you shall traverse anon in your hearse,

And next your white lips will have murmured their last,

And your voice have become as the voice of the past,

And my thoughts must stray back from the flood-tides of men,

To a bleak, empty chamber! What then—and what then?

The Bitter Secret;

OR,

THE HEART OF GOLD.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONTINUED.

DURING this scene Geoffrey was leading Toby's shaggy little pony "Scamp" carefully through the forest toward Toby's modest home. Otto Derwent was Scamp's back, leaning somewhat feebly now on the willing shoulder of Montague Price, and again on the magnificent muscular shoulder of his nephew Geoffrey, as they changed places in amicable relief of each other.

Mr. Derwent knew he was going to see Monica Rivers, and to hear her story of why she came to Dornoch after him.

He expected his feelings to be harrowed by the unavoidable mention of his guilty wife Ada, and he never dreamed of Monica being anything more to him than some connection of Ada Rivers, too good for the unworthy mission she had undertaken.

Monica was awaiting this strange reunion in a mood singularly tranquil and joyous, considering the very different feelings with which she had first come to this place, and the wild and dire depths they had oscillated between since then.

The reason was simple. Jonathan Brade's confession had exculpated Otto Derwent from all that bitter blame which his daughter had heaped upon him while she sat by the dead form of her deserted mother. Also, had she not suffered much for his sake? And is not love best fostered by its own generous sacrifices?

Ada, innocent Ada, injured Adal! Oh! God! could you not have opened his eyes sooner? Dear angel Ada, abandoned without a chance of self-defense, broken-hearted!

The man laid down the paper on the arm of his chair, his face upon it, and his whole frame shuddered with grief.

So strong was his nature, so ardent his feelings and so deeply rooted, that this sudden revelation well-nigh killed him. He forgot his surroundings—Monica, late events, all; he was back at Addiscombe, the passionately-loving young husband, with the one love of his life lying pale and helpless in the arms of his demon destroyer, and her duper husband deserting her since then.

Monica looked very, very sweet and tender, sitting in the little window framed with white and golden honeysuckle; her small pale face was delicate in contour and fine in expression as any face ever carried by a Derwent, and the lustrous splendor of her dark, dreamy eyes compensated for every classic want the critical might detect. Anxious to please the fastidious taste of her father, she had laid aside her somber black dress and wore, to-day, pure filmy white, the transparent folds crossed over her ivory neck and bust in noble lines, and caught at the finely-turned throat by a cluster of rich royal purple pansies, gathered from Cicely's garden by Mr. Price, with the dew still clinging to them, and sweetly accepted by Monica, whose gentle goodness of heart led her long ago to forgive the young lawyer all past transgressions and to sympathize readily and candidly with his modest attempts to be the nice fellow he saw believed him to be. Gone was Mr. Montague Price's knowing swagger, his lazy slang jargon, his ineffable smile, and his hard, unscrupulous Yankee spirit of self-interest. He had developed a genuine admiration of Monica's noble soul and set himself in earnest to make himself worthy the covetous post of friend to her. It indicated the miracle pure goodness had wrought upon him that he had not presumed to fall in love with his gentle friend and would have depreated, shamefully enough, the suspicion of so lowering her to his own level.

For Ada was dead; remorse had come to her long agony—gone beyond the power of restitution.

"Alas! why had he had so little faith in her?

That fierce soul-storm blowing by, Derwent went on with the confession; and read, in the sullen penitence of his bright, heavy writing, the tale of Ada's infidelity, which he had been incited by impudent falsehood about the traveler, accidentally shot dead; and here he looked through the waving honeysuckle sprays into the blue depths of the overarching heavens, bitterly asking the omnipotent Creator of all why He need frame woman's head so weak when He makes her heart so strong? Deceived by a tale that could scarcely impose upon a child! Wrecked in smooth waters, with Love and Faith on board—all for lack of a little worldly wisdom!

And then he read of the wicked Jonathan's last attempt to obtain possession of this frail, foolish creature, and of his signal defeat and eternal disgrace at the hands of the frail and foolish creature towed up into a goddess of beauty, the omnipotent Creator of all why He need frame woman's head so weak when He makes her heart so strong? Deceived by a tale that could scarcely impose upon a child! Wrecked in smooth waters, with Love and Faith on board—all for lack of a little worldly wisdom!

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Grace Halpine's New Serial,

A HEART HISTORY:

OR,

BLIND BARBARA'S SECRET

To Commence in No. 403.

is one of this delightful and popular author's most powerful and interesting works. It is a singularly sweet exposition of the mysteries and unconfessed faith of a young girl's heart, but of the ways of the world that are so hard to travel, for unwary feet, it is a strong, stern presentation. A firm hand the author has to paint woman's human nature, in all its subtlety and all its instinctive nobility; while in

Unmasking a "Man of the World" she has given us a startling and most impressive social revelation that has its deep and abiding moral lesson. It is sure to excite the keenest interest and attention.

With pain and regret we announce the death of our contributor, Dr. Wm. Mason Turner, whose story of "Margoun" is now running through our columns. He died of apoplexy, Oct. 13th, at his home in Philadelphia, in the 42d year of his age. The *Ledger* of that city says:

"He was born in Petersburg, Va., in 1835, and was a graduate of Brown University, but subsequently took his medical degree at the University of Pennsylvania. He made a tour of Europe, and upon his return published a book of his Oriental adventures and observations. He became quite extensively known through his contributions to literature."

To popular periodical literature he became well known through numerous serial stories—some of which obtained an extended circulation—both by reason of their interest of plot and story and of the somewhat peculiar or intense style of narrative, which, though artificial, and, at times, strained, was effective.

His contributions to the SATURDAY JOURNAL embraced the "Masked Miner," "Heart Rivals," "The \$50,000 Reward," "Hand Not Heart," "Bessie Raynor, the Factory Girl," etc., etc.—all of which were highly creditable and popular. His "Margoun," now passing through our columns, was, we presume, one of his last productions.

Personally, Dr. Turner was genial and companionable. He was unusually well informed, and, by his practice as a physician, knew very much of life and human nature—a knowledge which he freely used in his literary work.

With ourselves, our readers will regret this all too early close of a useful and promising career, and will read with a mournful pleasure his serial now running in the JOURNAL.

Sunshine Papers.

Airs and Tears.

THEY do not go well together. When affected conjointly, they are in as execrable taste as would be a new silk gown donned to scrub the kitchen floor. And, considering how diametrically opposed they are, it is marvellous that persons—and not a few at that—will put on no end of airs, at the same time that they are publicly sporting tears.

What is more disgusting than to see a woman arrayed in the most expensive finery, and carrying herself with an air that seems to proclaim that, in her own opinion, she is better than ordinary mortals, with a large rent in her overskirt, half a yard of trimming ripped from her dress, unmended gloves, or boots with half the buttons gone? And if you think such cases are rare ones, you must be a person of infinitesimal discernment; for not more than one woman out of every ten that you meet, not even making exceptions in favor of one's near circle of acquaintances, is arrayed so carefully that the vigilant eye cannot detect a tear—or something that speaks equally plain of a lack of neatness.

Not long since, in a stage full of richly-dressed women, but one was costumed in such a manner as to defy the critical eye of a vigilant observer. One individual, whose silks and velvets, and Parisian bonnet, handsome jewelry, and exquisite gloves, spoke of style and wealth, had a most ungainly rent just above the expensive fringe which edged her polonaise. To be sure, it may have occurred recently, and where she had no good opportunity of repairing it, for it was roughly run together; so roughly that the ravelings hung through upon the right side. But the same charitable doubt could scarcely be allowed her concerning a seam wofully frayed out in the skirt of the polonaise. Another of the passengers was very neatly dressed, with the exception of her gloves, which were soiled and badly ripped; another wore a mantle, upon which the ribbon-strings and bows were pinned; one had several buttons off her very pretty boots, and another had lace sewn at the throat and wrists of her dress

with white cotton, occasional large stitches showing through on the dark silk; and one lady wore a very splendid robe, the seams of which, about the shoulders and waist, were gaping in various places.

You may urge, in defense, that dressmakers do their work so poorly, buttons will come off in the street, the gloves may have been the only pair the lady could find, and the bows were pinned because the wearer was called out in a great hurry. All very true, my friend, but not available as good and sufficient excuses for any person who calls herself a lady appearing in public in disorderly attire. It is very easy, and the correct thing to do, when boots are removed, to examine the buttons and so have them secured and ready for the next wearing. When gloves are discovered to have a rip, no matter how slight, they should be mended. Gloves put away in order will always be ready for donning upon any occasion, no matter how important. The work of the dressmaker, if carefully scanned when brought home, will not be apt to disgrace the wearer upon the first occasion of assuming the costume; and to wear garments before they are completed, is a confession of an unpardonable lack of tidiness.

In various journeys by rail and on foot, in frequent visits received and made, the opportunities furnished for observing the habits of women have proved that those of the sex are systematically and thoroughly careful in regard to every item of their apparel, are the exceptions and not the rule.

But, leaving it entirely as a matter of principle and good taste to women, whether or not they will appear in public with telltale proofs about them of their customs and habits, we, at least, beg to remind them that this little bit of good taste it would be well for them to cultivate—the omission of any *airs* while they have about them, even though they be hidden from outward observance, any tears.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

In one of my rambles the other day, my footsteps strayed to a place where busy workers were plying pickax and spade, moving huge masses of stone, and showing the great power God has gifted and blessed humanity with; and there:

"Those who toll bravely are strongest; The humble and poor become great."

hummed through my head, and while I was expatiating on the beauty of good, hearty work, I was somewhat surprised to hear a young man—a school-teacher—at my elbow remark: "Well, thank goodness, I don't have to spend my time in such a manner, bending my back and carting heavy stone. I have an education."

Now, an education is a most excellent article to carry about with one, when it is accompanied by a little common sense—the trouble with this young man was that he had *too little* common sense. Talents are given us to use and not to brag about. We may be gifted, but we spoil those gifts when we give way to egotism and self-praise.

Poor fellow! I pitied him, for he needed pity. You see, he hadn't been educated up to that point where the true goodness and real nobility of mankind lies—not as to the *kind* of work one does, so much as the manner in which that work is done. We are not all gifted with the same talents. Some must do the head-work and others the hand-work. The hard-horned hand is not to be despised on account of its labor. To me it is more like some token of honor, and I'd sooner grasp it than I would that of the dandy who looks with loathing on work. I honor the school-teacher; I think he has a noble vocation and a most important mission to fill, for it is not every one who has knowledge that can impart it to others; but, are there not other avocations just as honorable, just as useful, and which require as hard work, though, maybe, there may be some dirt to stain the hands and some stooping of the body to accomplish it?

Supposing the diggers and delvers were to throw down their implements of labor and declare they couldn't, wouldn't, and ought not to slave their lives out, how would they accomplish their ends? I'm inclined to believe they would punish themselves as much as they would injure others.

My good friends, let us thank the good, Heavenly Father for the talents he has placed in our keeping, for that is only right, but do not let us act the part of a Pharisee and thank Him that we are not as other men are, for that is weak, sinful, and shameful. We may consider ourselves a little better than the general run of humanity, but our self-esteem cannot convince others—it will but make them think less of us, and have a contempt for our silly and useless conceit. If we have an education let us show it by our conversation. Don't tell people, "I have an education;" let them discover it for themselves.

Boasting never sounded well to my ears, and I have never known one of those egotistical beings to become popular with humanity, but I do know that humility is a virtue that must call forth our praise. The head-work of the author, editor, teacher, or of any professional head, hand, and body-work of the farmer and mechanic.

Does the world think less of any of the great and good men because their lot was humble, their early life poor, and their portion heavy and hard work? No, indeed! and have these men ever felt it any *disgrace* that they have had to toil and labor? No, indeed! again. I feel assured they thanked the great Master that He had given them that work to do. Their greatness lay in the grandeur of their deeds, it may be, but their goodness consisted, partially, in the humble manner they bore their honors and did not look back with scorn when they had to bend their bodies over hard work. "The great are great; the great *not always* good."

How true the lines:

"Tis toil that over nature

Gives man his power and control;

All praises and halloos

The temple of the soul.

The grand Almighty builder,

Who fashioned out the earth,

Hit stamped His seal of honor

On Labor, from her birth."

EVE LAWLESS.

The word lady is compounded of two Saxons words, leaf or lsf, signifying a leaf of bread, and dian, to give, or to serve. In olden times it was customary for those whom God had blessed with affluence to give away regularly a portion of bread or other food to poor families in their respective parishes and neighborhoods, and on such occasions the "lady" or mistress of the household distributed the daily or weekly dole. Hence she was called the "laf-dy" or the "bread-giver," and it is probably from this hospitable custom that to this day English ladies carve and serve the meat at their own tables.

Foolscap Papers.

My Old Uncle's Will.

I HAD always been educated in the belief that I was to be remembered in my uncle's last will and testament. He was bigly rich and was noted for having more money than he could ever give a cent to anybody.

The popular impression in our family was that he couldn't take any of it along, when he died, since it had of late years got to be the fashion to leave a good deal behind for the benefit of survivors.

My uncle went off too soon, too soon, in spite of five physicians. I felt that I could wait another year. I was a young man then and he was probably pretty much all before me.

My uncle wanted to live long enough to make a few more thousand dollars, but circumstances seemed to be against him, and he reluctantly went.

In less than a year or two afterward the will was opened and read, and this is a true copy, and well attested:

I, John Whitehorn, sometimes called long John for short, being of almost insane mind on the account of my nephew Washington, do devise to him the following property, to wit:

One penny of the date of 1812. As it would take him twenty years to lay that much up, this will set him just twenty years ahead, and he can consider himself most fortunate. This sum of money, if he puts it out on interest, in four hundred years will amount to several thousand dollars, providing the bank don't break or he don't draw it out in the meantime.

I bequeath to him three thousand dollars worth of debts which I owe. Nothing would do me more good than for him to pay them, and as debts are what he strives the most to make, this amount will last him for awhile, at least. If I had more I would be more liberal and would give him less cause to complain.

I also bequeath to him out of my library one book on the "Art of Making Money," which he so seriously needs. The secret of working for it he does not seem to understand, but I would be glad if he would spend a little time cultivating it. Work makes him very tired. My ambition has always been to work, and I let him bequeath my ambition. I hope he will put it to good use. A little disposition to work would not make him so lazy, if he could only get it into his head. I have long noticed that he was always generous enough to let somebody else do his work rather than to enjoy the doing of it himself.

I also bequeath to him my old Revolutionary musket, with the request that he will use it. It is one of the most beautiful kickers in the world; it will not only kick a man over, but it will get up on him when he is down and keep on kicking him whether he yells "enough" or not. Washington deserves it, and I hope he will get the benefit of it.

I bequeath to him a small farm in Indiana; it will be a very small one. I don't care what state it is in, really. It ought to be a small one if he oversees it. If he saves up money enough he can pay for the deed to it. That is all that is necessary. Let him only buy the deed; the owner, whoever he is, will throw the farm in.

I give him one mortgage on my farm, valued at four thousand dollars, which he can pay yearly installments. Another man holds it.

I also will him a book entitled "General Information." It won't injure him. Its precepts will be worth a hundred cents on the head and will be good for him to have. I would like to think that he got a license and a preacher, and going to the widow's home a little before day, informed her that she must marry him instant or he would make a lead mine of the other fellow. She married him.

The Turkish successes are partly due to the advice of some of the best strategists in Europe. It is reported that Von Moltke, after giving the Russians a plan of invasion, has with considerable impatience accorded the Turks a similar favor and wavering with peculiar interest the developments which result.

Colonel Pavlovsky's explorations in Central Asia have been of the most interesting and important kind. For the first time since Marco Polo has a civilized traveler visited Lake Loh, which he coasted in a boat; 120 miles south of it he noted the Torim river, and in the Altyn Tau mountain range, which has an altitude of 10,000 feet, he killed several wild camels, animals whose existence had long been called in question.

The editor of the Great Bend (Kan.) Tribune permits his ten-year-old son to edit one column of the paper, and set the type for it. Last week the following paragraph appeared in the boy's column: "The Sunday-school concert last Sunday night was very largely attended; the room was as full as it could be, and the scholars did well except one. I made a perfect failure. I knew my piece, but it slipped out of my mind just at the time it ought not to. I felt very bad about it for a while, but will try and do better next time."

A man from Honey Lake saw a railroad for the first time in his life the other day at Reno.

In speaking of the wonder to a friend he said:

"The forward thing just givin' a couple of cougs and then the whole stink 'em' got up and started right off." "That that lead train pulls power'd like that" was what the Oregon man said.

He had two sons, living at Elko, took him out to the railroad track for the first look at the cars. "What you call 'um; heap wagon, no hoss?" asked the Piute Indian when he saw the first train.

An Ohio paper describes what it terms the "Black Country" of the United States fifty years hence. It is a district of one hundred miles square, including the counties of Athens, Perry and Hocking. In fifty years, it affirms, this region will equal any coal region in the world. The district has twenty-two feet of solid coal in five seams. The great vein (properly "bed") is in places twelve feet thick, and nowhere less than six feet. Mingled among the coal-beds are inextinguishable beds of iron. The thickest is five feet deep at the outcrop; the thinnest, sinks to six inches.

—Where does all the cotton go to? Last year some of it went as follows: To Great Britain, 1,270,267,000 pounds; Germany, 255,750,000; France, 210,000,000; Russia, 150,000,000; Austria, 104,000,000; Spain, 80,500,000; and the United States consume 67,688,000 pounds. England consumes 22 per cent. of all cotton goods, the United States 22 per cent. of all cotton goods, and the remainder of Europe 33 per cent. England exports one-half of her manufactures; the United States only 7 per cent., which is not a very flattering exhibit for the enterprise and activity of our manufacturers.

Mother Shipton flourished in England in the seventeenth century, and several of her books of prophecy were published as follows: "Her Prophecy," in 1641; "Two Strange Prophecies," in 1642; and "Her Life and Curious Prophecy," in 1797. We suppose the latter refers to the one that goes the rounds of the press occasionally, predicting the end of the world in 1881, and some other singular prophecies, which have been nearly, if not wholly, fulfilled. Doubt has been cast upon the authorship and date of this celebrated effusion; but if the world should come to an end in 1881, most people who have read it will be apt to believe it a genuine prophecy.

The unusually warm weather of this autumn has filled the fields around Port Kent, on Lake Champlain, with wonders of nature. A correspondent of the Troy Times says: "We have a very warm autumn, which is being unknown to the oldest frontiersmen. There is a second growth of strawberries, black and red raspberries, and some apple trees are in bloom, while the apples have not yet been picked. The oysters of Maryland state that the weather has never been more favorable for catching oysters than this season, and as unfavorable for selling them. The boatmen had more oysters spoil on their hands this year than ever occurred in the same space of time before."

The tortoise is a safe weather-prophet. M. Bouchard, in a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences at its recent session, described the precautions taken by tortoises against cold weather. Their instinct tells them in the milder seasons when the thermometer is likely to fall to freezing point, and toward the end of autumn, warns them also of the approach of winter. In both cases they take precautions to save themselves from cold, and by carefully observing them M. Bouchard has for years been enabled to regulate his hot-house. At the end of autumn, when the winter threatens to be severe, tortoises creep deep into the earth, so as to conceal themselves completely from view. If, on the contrary, the winter promises to be mild, they scarcely go down an inch or two, just enough to protect the openings of their shells. Once, when the thermometer stood at 50° F., he saw the tortoises creep to 28° F. Another time, the mercury being at 110° F. in the sun, one of the tortoises hid itself. On the following morning there was hoar frost.

EVELYN HANKEY writes: "I would like to give a young gentleman friend a present of a tobacco pouch, one that I can make myself, but unless you can give me some hints as to how to make it, I will not be able to purchase one. How many hours

do you

AN AUTUMN MONODY.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

I sing a song of autumn,
A song of the falling leaves,
A song of the gold-ripe corn,
A song of the gathered sheaves;
Of sad west winds that moan,
Of pallid skies that weep
For summer's loss and lovely forms
Which under the cold ground sleep.
In the deep and dim old woods
Are spleen and arcades,
And dead enchantments glide
Through silent evangades.
The leafy dome o'erhead,
Of every radiant hue,
Like a rent robe of glory seems
With heaven gleaming through.
In the low-lying vales
And on the hill-tops bare,
A cloud in the airless air;
In the autumn air;
And everywhere the leaves
Are falling to decay.
And everywhere the singing birds
Are hastening away.
The summer realm of flowers
Has vanished like a dream,
Egeria's fairest jewels sunk
In the deep, dark stream;
And step by step the year
Its path marked by the dead,
Is crushing all things beautiful
'Neath its remorseless tread.
The dying bed of Nature
The faded earth appears,
A cloud in the airless air;
For death is at earth's heart,
Slow wasting her away,
And this the hectic parasite
That blossoms on decay!

Justice or Injustice?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Ever in her career of fashionable life as beauty and belle, Egeria Delmayne had exalted herself in her appearance and general elegance of style, it was to-night, when she stood before her mirror, ready dressed for Mrs. Atherton's reception.

It was after ten o'clock, and her carriage was waiting at the door; her maid had in readiness her thick, soft white cloak to wrap warmly around the shapely shoulders; her bouquet lay in its tiny silver holder—everything was in waiting readiness for her to go, but yet she stood before her glass, eagerly scrutinizing every detail of her face, form and toilet with a keen, half-satisfied criticism of gaze not at all usual to her—this proud, peerless woman, who had learned that, dress as she might, wear what she would, she was always immeasurably superior to other women—other women who always paled before her.

But to-night was a crisis in her life, and she who had almost indifferently but never carelessly, or with the slightest abatement of her refined, quiet taste, dressed her beautiful self to grace a royal drawing-room; to-night was almost feverishly anxious to look her very best for Carroll Desmond's eyes—Carroll Desmond, the one, only man she had ever loved, and for whose sake she had remained unmarried all these years—and she was nearer thirty now than twenty.

It had been an absorbing passion with them both, and their engagement had been as ecstasically happy as brief. Then had come some rumor to her that off somewhere was a fair little snowdrop of a girl whom Desmond greatly admired, whose picture he carried, and all the hot anger and jealousy of Egeria's tropical nature was aroused, and she succeeded in infuriating her lover to such an extent that they parted in silent wrath, that hardened into pride which deepened the breach between them daily, until, at last, Egeria permitted herself to become engaged to some suitor of hers whom she knew Mr. Desmond especially despised, hoping thereby to pique the man she really adored into making an effort at conciliation.

And instead, Carroll Desmond, who had been secretly hoping and expecting that Egeria would humble herself, turned around and deliberately married Daisy Liston—the fair little snowdrop of a girl who was as winter starshine to the golden glory of a summer day compared to magnificent Miss Delmayne—a sweet, trustful, confiding little girl who rapturously worshiped her handsome husband, and who thought Heaven had been strangely good to her to permit her to be the wife of such a man as he.

Then Egeria had almost died from the terrible shock of her lover's marriage. For months she had been on the verge of desperate pain; she instantly concealed her engagement with her disconsolate suitor, and shut up her elegant house, and had taken her mail and invited her aunt, and went off for a six months' tour abroad, and came back, cured of her despair of acute disappointment, but callow-ed into a merciless, almost heartless woman, who delighted in using the power of her beauty and grace and position to cut men to the heart.

But, she never forgot Carroll Desmond, never for one moment. In all those miles of travel, in all those hours of apparent indifference, in times of triumph or nights of woe, Egeria never forgot him, nor that, although she had conquered that wild longing for him, he was still, and always would be, the one man in the wide world she would have or could love.

And now, to-night, the very first time she would appear in society after her return from abroad, she was to meet him—and his wife!

She had looked forward to this meeting with an eagerness equal to that of a girl anticipating her first ball. She had planned her toilet with almost nervous dread lest, for the first time in her life, she should fail of looking well; and now, at the last moment before she started from the house, she dismissed her maid to the anteroom, and took a final, eager survey.

She certainly was magnificent in her beauty and unsurpassable in her loveliness—that was of the richly-radiant tint of lemon, in thick lustrous silk, that so especially became her, with her ivory-fair complexion that had not the remotest tint of coloring except the lovely red lips, that set off exquisitely her raven-black hair and dusky eyes beneath fringing lashes and luxuriant brows—eyes that were magnetic in their glances, and that were glowing now as she smiled slowly, with growing satisfaction with herself—glowing with a tropical, intense splendor.

Every detail was perfect, from the trailing spray of jessamine in her lustrous puffs of hair, to the tip of her boot; from the great glowing topazes that swung from her ears, sparkled on her bosom, and clasped her lovely arms, in almost barbaric splendor, to the sweep of her train and the fit of her pallid gloves.

She gave one smiling look at herself as she received her fur-lined wrap, and then went down to the carriage—to go forth to the fate that was to envelop so many lives.

As she had desired, it was late when she entered the brilliant rooms of her hostess, leaning on the arm of her host. People had almost

given her up, and she saw just the delight and admiration and envy and astonishment she had determined to create, as she bowed and smiled, and exchanged graciously haughty greetings almost as a princess of the blood royal might have done.

All the while there was but one thought in her heart, but one desire—to meet Carroll Desmond. Would he be the same as when they two were all the world to each other—that is, would he be the same gallant, glorious fellow!

And then, all of a sudden, when she was least expecting it, his well-remembered voice spoke to her, his selfsame old audacity she had so liked was in his manner as he casually met her, and Mr. Atherton, in the almost deserted music-room whither Egeria had begged to be taken.

"How glad I am to see you once more, Miss Delmayne. Atherton, there's a good fellow, just let me relieve you of your enviable burden, won't you? I want to talk to my old friend dreadfully."

And somehow—she never knew how, or why she did not make the protest she could so well and gracefully have made—Egeria found herself leaning on Carroll Desmond's arm, and they two slowly sauntering through the half-dusk light and warm fragrance of the conservatory, that opened from the music-room.

It was he who spoke first, with a look that was ardent admiration, if nothing more.

"Well, Egeria?"

She smiled coolly—her heart was throbbing so violently she feared he could see her temples pulsate.

"It is well—very well, indeed, Mr. Desmond. You cannot imagine how impatient I am to see the lovely girl you have married. People say she is pretty. Is she really as beautiful as I remember her picture was?"

Desmond was completely taken aback by her utterly indifferent, entirely frigid, polite interest. A frown, that she remembered, with mingled triumph that she could cause it, and agony that the remembrance could touch her so. But, her well-disposed countenance gave no hint of her thoughts, and he went on, just a little sarcastically:

"Oh, yes—you have seen Mrs. D.'s picture; she is certainly very pretty, very pretty, indeed—not at all your type."

She laughed outright.

"Thanks for the charming inference, Mr. Desmond! Please do take me to her."

She lifted her eyes, so full of magnetic lights and dusky shades, to his, with a glance that thrilled him to his very soul, although he could not tell whether it meant love or hate.

He courteously obeyed her request, and people saw them as they came out from the conservatory, arm-in-arm, so full of grace and beauty and style, so perfectly fitted for each other, and so perfectly contrasting in their physique—she, such a magnificent, ivory-complexioned brunette, and he with his indolent, languid elegance that blonde men—handsome blonde men can acquire so well. People saw them—and Carroll Desmond's wife saw them, sitting like some pallid little flower, beside some talkative, good-natured gossip.

"You know her, of course, Mrs. Desmond? Miss Delmayne! Isn't she beautiful? Your husband and she were very intimate once, you know."

And before the mute astonishment and admiration, and—some other nameless expression could leave Daisy Desmond's eyes, her husband came up to her, with Egeria on his arm—radiant, magnificent, gracious, with cool, patronizing condescension that little Daisy could understand and feel conscious of, yet not define.

Mr. Desmond introduced the two in an off-hand, easy way.

"This is my field-flower, Egeria—Daisy, sweet, let me introduce Miss Delmayne, an old friend, you will recollect. Mrs. Desmond, Miss Delmayne." And Egeria parted her lips in a faint smile, and opened her eyes a little wider, and gave her hand to Daisy, and expressed her immense delight at meeting her.

"And you really must excuse me for keeping him away from you so long, dear Mrs. Desmond. But you know we had so much to say—you will pardon us!"

And Daisy gravely assured her she had nothing to pardon, while in her soul she feared already this siren-faced, lovely-voiced woman who had so much to say to her husband.

And Desmond thrilled with sudden pleasure to hear the sweetness of Egeria's tones as she coupled themselves together, and a determination seized that would go hard with him if somehow, at least, of the old-time intimacy were not renewed.

While Egeria, behind her mask of smiles and sweetness, was enduring pitiful heart-throes, and almost hating unto death this pure-browed, gray-eyed girl-wife, and almost swearing that she would make Carroll Desmond repeat the day he had played such desperate game of pique against her.

That was the beginning. Each mental decision made by those three fate-interwoven mortals came truer and truer every day. Daisy Desmond learned to fear the splendid beauty that was infatuating her husband as in earlier days, that was drawing him further and further away from her; Egeria Delmayne found that she hated the young wife with a jealousy only exceeded by her determination to prove her own powers over the man who had married for pique; and Carroll Desmond, maddened by Egeria's beauty, by the knowledge of what he had lost, and by the arch, sweet subtleties of temptation with which she lured him on, found that every day deepened and widened the breach between him and his gentle, patient, suffering little wife.

But he was powerless to stem the current of mad infatuation that hurried him on, until it culminated so awfully.

It had been a warm spring day, and Egeria, beautiful as a painting in her light, airy costume, and with a hard mercilessness with which one would not have credited her, had gone to call upon Daisy—Daisy whom she was killing by degrees, but who dared not cry out and denounce her.

Mr. Desmond was at home—he was always at home when Miss Delmayne called—and after she had left Daisy's boudoir up-stairs, he stepped out from his library door and called her as she passed.

"Only a moment, Egeria; come inside just a moment. I want you to tell me how much longer this is to last this way?"

He had caught her pearl-gloved wrist in a grasp that was almost cruel, and yet, despite the strength of the clutch, Egeria saw how he trembled with the earnestness of what he said and meant.

"I do not know what you mean, Carroll."

"You do know. You know I never for a moment ceased loving you—that I do not love her. You know what I mean—it must end this farce we both are playing. When shall it end, Egeria? For God's sake, say at once! We will go, and have all the world in each other. You shall go with me, Egeria!"

given her up, and she saw just the delight and admiration and envy and astonishment she had determined to create, as she bowed and smiled, and exchanged graciously haughty greetings almost as a princess of the blood royal might have done.

A flash of deathly paleness went across her pure white face as she looked up in his eyes.

"Carroll Desmond! What do you mean when you say I shall go with you? I shall not go—you do not love your wife, I know, and I love you, you know, but—never—that other alternative—never!"

His blue eyes flashed in her face.

"My wife shall not be the barrier—you hear that, Egeria? If it were not for her—say, Egeria—"

But a horror in her eyes silenced him.

"Carroll Desmond!"

His voice matched her own for emphasis.

"Egeria Delmayne! After all that has come and gone, you dare play at propriety now!

By the heavens above, you shall not do that! Egeria! you have confessed more than once you loved me; I have seen it in your manner; it has looked from your eyes. I will not be cheated of the one coveted happiness my life may yet know. Egeria! My only love, my darling, say it shall be so!"

And somehow—she never knew how, or why she did not make the protest she could so well and gracefully have made—Egeria found herself leaning on Carroll Desmond's arm, and they two slowly sauntering through the half-dusk light and warm fragrance of the conservatory, that opened from the music-room.

It was he who spoke first, with a look that was ardent admiration, if nothing more.

"Well, Egeria?"

She smiled coolly—her heart was throbbing so violently she feared he could see her temples pulsate.

"It is well—very well, indeed, Mr. Desmond. You cannot imagine how impatient I am to see the lovely girl you have married. People say she is pretty. Is she really as beautiful as I remember her picture was?"

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When Carroll Desmond came rushing in his house ten minutes afterward, his face all aglow with delight, his blue eyes full of passionate tenderness for the woman to whose home he had first gone, to be told he would find her here—when Carroll Desmond came in, the very first thing he saw was a dripping dead form, with wide-open, anguished eyes that never more would smile on him—a fair, rigid form, with white draperies clinging ghostly around it, and the light of life forever fled.

Old Warner had heard the clash when Egeria had fallen in, and had done his utmost to save her; but—she had already fainted to Daisy's lips.

And, though Carroll Desmond's life was blighted past hope, shall any one say whether or not it was just or unjust?

When Carroll Desmond came rushing in his house ten minutes afterward, his face all aglow with delight, his blue eyes full of passionate tenderness for the woman to whose home he had first gone, to be told he would find her here—when

She arose, glanced hurriedly toward the door which opened into the parlor; then at another leaden to the apartment which adjoined her bedroom.

"I must see Florine," she said, moving hastily toward the last-named door, which she at once opened, and glancing in, said, in a low, cautious voice:

"Florine! Florine! where are you?"

"Here, madame," said the French maid, emerged from the shadows—for her room was unlighted—and entering Mrs. Grayling's elegant apartment, bowed low.

"Come, Florine, be seated. I wish to see you on business. Be quiet as the grave, for the sharp-eared old man must not hear."

Florine's thin-cut lips smiled in derision. But she said, very quietly:

"Madame tires of monsieur—of Mr. Grayling."

The lady started.

"I did not say so, Florine."

"I can see it. And no wonder."

"No, wonder, Florine!"

"No wonder, madame," and the girl met her mistress' gaze with unabashed front.

"And why no wonder, Florine?" asked Mrs. Grayling, in a whisper.

"Because monsieur is too old for madame," was the prompt reply. "Monsieur and madame made a laughing-stock for keen-eyed ones on the steamer."

"What?" and a stormy answer was upon the lady's lips. But checking herself, she continued: "For all that, the old man is rich, is enormously wealthy. 'Twas always my ambition to marry a rich man, though I always failed until—However—"

She paused in some confusion.

"Until madame met monsieur," said Florine, without a quaver in her voice, as though she would complete the lady's unfinished sentence.

"But, madame—"

She turned pale.

"Mr. Grayling is rich; yet you can be just as rich as he and—have a young husband, besides."

Florine's black eyes lingered with a deep, significant feeling on her mistress' face.

Mrs. Grayling started violently, and an ashen pallor swept every vestige of blood from her cheeks.

"That is what I wished to see you, to talk with you about, Florine," she at last ejaculated, drawing her chair closer to the maid.

"Has monsieur made his will?" queried the latter.

"He has, after much urging on my part—only three nights ago aboard the steamer. He has signed it, but if it has not been witnessed, you must therefore be—"

"That does not matter," interrupted the maid, almost rudely, certainly disrespectfully.

"If no other will can be found, this would be accepted. But its provisions, madame—if you know—"

"I do know!" was the impulsive reply. "For when the old man was asleep, I took the paper from his pocket and read every word."

"Well, madame?"

"Besides providing for his daughter, and making a few trifling bequests, he leaves the bulk of his great property to me."

"Good—good!" and Florine's eyes sparkled with an avivacious light. "Then, when madame comes into possession of her property, she will not forget Florine Flavelle who has served her so long and so faithfully!"

"No; no; I forget nobody, nothing," was the rejoinder, a little scowl coming to the face of the speaker.

"And that time may soon come," pursued Florine. "Madame may wish it were here now!"

The words were spoken in a low, startling undertone.

Mrs. Grayling paled again, and for a moment shrank away as if in terror; but as the hard lines deepened around her mouth, and the cold, dead-like luster shot from her half-closed eyes, she said:

"I have been thinking of it—much! But we must—"

"The work can be easily done," calmly interrupted the other in a hard, stern voice. "I have an abundance of that, which acted so well in the case of the old German baron, who suddenly died at Baden-Baden—of apoplexy, so the doctors certified!"

Mrs. Grayling shuddered and placed her hands to her eyes, as though she would shut out some horrid vision.

"See," continued Florine, thrusting her hand into the air. "I have an abundance!—more than an abundance—when it takes only a single drop, ay, a half-drop, to—"

She drew out a long, very slender, heavy vial of cut-glass, similar to those containing *attar of roses*, sold in Oriental cities.

"Put it up! put it back, Florine!" hurriedly whispered Mrs. Grayling, shuddering violently again, as her eyes fell upon the vial. "Come, now, I wish to speak with you about something more: *somebody else is in my way!*"

A long conversation ensued. More than once during its progress, Florine had crept softly to the door and glanced in the parlor. The girl had been detected once, as the reader remembers.

When at last the conversation ended, Mrs. Grayling said:

"Go, Florine, and awaken Mr. Grayling—though I've a strong notion to let him sleep there all night!"

When Mr. Grayling entered, the luxurious apartment he scarcely spoke to his wife. He retired at once and was soon asleep.

"I can compass all the rest now!" muttered the lady, as she arose at last. "All the rest, unless one comes to life—*Thorle Manton!*"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SLEEPING CAR.

The train conveying Grace and her companion soon left the scenes of bustling city-life, and slid away into the wintry, snow-draped country. The tracks had been cleared, and the locomotive dashed along, with its long line of coaches, at its usual rate of speed.

Grace was sad and silent; she paid only passing heed to what was going on around her. She was thinking of Madame Lefebvre's seminary which had so long been such a happy home for her. She was thinking of the warm friends whom she had left behind her, and of the gloomy, disastrous life which she was rapidly hastening. She was contrasting her late life of contentment and freedom from care, with her future existence at the Gram—contrasted with the gay life and the genial comforts of the seminary, with the gloomy wilds, the wintry hills, and frozen lakes of northern New York!

More than all, Grace was pondering the recent news which was the occasion of this journey, and of the sudden sundering of enduring ties.

What would her life now be? Yes; especially as in the last twenty-four hours, she had learned to distrust and to dislike Clara Dean, with whom she had grown up to womanhood! Why was her new mother? What was she like? How would she act toward her? And Grace only knew one thing of her—that she was two years older than herself.

Thus she sat musing moodily to herself, as the iron horse, at every lunge, bore her nearer and nearer to her old house on the distant lakes.

Clara Dean was silent; but she was not so attracted as was her fair-haired companion. Her restless eyes were wide open, and were keenly observing everything that was passing around her. But for the most part, they were bent steadily upon Thorle Manton.

She had met him, casually, some five or six years before, at a ball in New York where she chanced to be visiting. The passing time had not changed him so much, but that she recognized him at the first glance. He was stouter, more brawny and sonsome—that was all. She knew it well.

He had unclasped what use to make of her information. What she knew—by chance as it were—might be of use to her, provided she kept it for a time, at least, from Grace.

At first she watched him keenly, as though from his conduct toward her she would shape her decision—whether he remembered her or not. That was soon decided positively in the negative.

Thorle Manton, after reaching the section in the "sleeper" assigned to him and the Hindoo, had leisurely thrown aside his coat and placed his hat in the rack and made himself comfortable. As he seated himself, he glanced at the occupant of the car, as much as he could see.

He was facing Clara Dean; but Grace sat across with her friend, and the young man saw nothing of her face—only the gorgeous wealth of the sunny hair that sprayed down her back.

But he had started slightly as his eyes first fell upon Clara; then he started the more as he noted her earnest, persistent stare. For a moment he swept her face keenly; but shaking his head, he leaned over and whispered something to the dusky Hindoo.

The East-Indian turned around carelessly in his seat, and glanced toward the two girls.

When his quiet, burning gaze fell upon her face, so calmly, yet so searchingly, Clara colored viciously, and hastily drew her vail over her face.

But through the meshes of it, she saw something like a smile fit over the handsome face of Thorle Manton. The girl gripped her hands together, and uttered a low exclamation of anger.

Her sudden movement had aroused Grace from her reverie; and Clara's muttered words had reached her friend's ears.

"What is it, Clara?" she asked quickly, as she seated herself by the side of her schoolmate.

"What is that, Grace?" asked Clara, sternly, her eyes still flashing through her vail at Thorle Manton, around whose lips the cynical smile lingered, as now and then he cast a glance toward her.

"What made you pull down your vail just now—and so abruptly? Certainly you do not wish to wear a vail in the cars! Something has annoyed you, I am certain."

Grace had an over-plus of curiosity; I am certain of that," was the caustic reply.

"Clara!"

"There, now, don't get into a passion," said Clara; though her tone was far from being humble or conciliatory. "I am vexed!"

"At what?"

"At that impudent fellow, yonder, who has been staring and leering at me ever since I entered the car," said Clara, making a little motion toward Manton.

For the first time, Grace looked in that direction; for the first time in her life her eyes fell upon Thorle Manton. She started perceptibly, cast her eyes tremulously down, then she looked up again, and swept the young man's face with a hurried but scrutinizing glance.

Margoun had laid aside his turban, and half reclining in the seat, did not attract the blonde's notice.

"He is a handsome fellow, at all events!" ejaculated Grace, earnestly and abstractedly.

"He is one of the best-looking."

She suddenly ceased, and as a carnation tinge glowed in her cheeks, she once again cast her eyes down.

"Good heavens! snared so soon!" muttered Clara to herself—a bitter, envious feeling suddenly filling her bosom, a vengeful gleam in her eyes.

And no wonder that Clara Dean started—not wonder that a rankling envy filled her bosom.

For Thorle Manton had seen Grace Grayling at the moment she looked toward him. His jetty eyes had met hers, and the cynical smile left his lips. A look of admiration gleamed from his very feature; and once again he bent over and spoke to his swarthy companion.

The East-Indian lay back. As his eyes fell on Grace, her golden hair, her winsome smile, he nodded his head approvingly, and in turn spoke something to young Manton.

The latter only smiled—softly and yearningly—and, drawing a magazine from his pocket, turned to the light and prepared to read.

But Thorle Manton's eyes glanced over the printed columns without taking in the meaning of a single word; his mind was otherwise engaged, his thoughts were wandering in a different direction.

He was thinking of the fair, angel-like face of the young girl before him; and dark thoughts mingled with those of a brighter hue, were shadowing his brain.

At that moment the attendant of the "sleeper" made his appearance for the purpose of changing the seats into couches; for the train had now deepened, and the train was far away from the great city, which it had left some hours before.

In a few moments the section assigned to the two girls was arranged for the night, the curtains were closed, and the maidens shut in from view.

Thorle Manton sighed and flung the magazine aside. He could not read. But he had no idea of retiring yet; and so he told the attendant, when that polite official came to the section. Margoun was still dozing; but, every now and then, he would open his eyes and glance at the car, with a smile.

At last young Manton arose.

"I shall smoke a cigar, Margoun," he said.

"You need not follow me."

"Yes, salut," answered the Hindoo, who well understood that the young man wished to be alone; and placing a shawl under his head he leaned back, prepared to await his master's return.

Thorle, balancing himself by the seats, made his way toward the rear of the joicing car, in search of the "smoker's cab." As he passed the closed section wherein was the fair young girl who had so startled him by her beauty, and set in motion such a train of thought in his mind, he involuntarily halted. But as the curtains rattled and swayed under the rapid motion of the car, he hurried on.

He was soon in the little apartment allotted to smokers. The place was empty. Lighting a cigar, he flung himself into a chair, and was soon lost in thought.

An hour passed thus, and he had not spoken, had scarcely changed his position. His half-burned cigar had fallen from his hand unheeded; he seemed to be almost entirely forgetful of his surroundings. At last he aroused himself, and passing his hand over his eyes, glanced about him.

"Strange! passing strange!" he muttered, setting back in his chair; he had no idea of going to sleep.

"My heart once loved, in all its conditions, one whom I thought a pure and innocent maiden. Oh, how soon came the dreadful awakening from that blissful day-dream! How soon was that loving heart crushed and scarred forever, as I thought! Ay! and steel'd forever against the blandishments of woman-kind! And here is she who is basely—"

He ceased his mutterings, and drew from his bosom a small oval-shaped, velvet-covered miniature-case. Springing the lid open, he gazed at the sight revealed.

The light just over his head illuminated the case. It contained the ivory-type of a beautiful young woman.

"Yes, salut," answered the Hindoo, who well understood that the young man wished to be alone; and placing a shawl under his head he leaned back, prepared to await his master's return.

"Yes, salut," she muttered. "He has—Ha! ha! ha!"

She hurriedly left the curtains, and, like a phantom, fled back to her couch.

What had so startled Clara Dean was the fact that as she chanced to glance at the other occupant of the section, Margoun's black eyes were quietly, curiously watching her.

Thus the bold girl had seen.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 397.)

I resolved to take some of the conceit out of him, should occasion ever offer, and thus furnish him a chapter in the book which he was to write as soon as he got "one," of "Hamer-ca as it is!"

He was no favorite with the rest of the party, and I could never imagine what circumstances could have induced them to take him into their company.

I decided to take what was then known as the southern trail, which would lead us through the best hunting-grounds in the world; and also through the country of the Sioux Sioux, from whom I had run away a year before.

I felt an uncontrollable desire to see my old friends, especially my little wife, and had made up my mind to remain with them after I had completed the job on hand.

The scenery of this portion of Montana is romantic and beautiful, and nowhere on the face of our continent is there a greater profusion of game—game, too, worthy of the hunter's skill.

After a long trip, during which our party had enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content in hunting buffalo, antelope and mountain sheep, we arrived at the village of the Tetons.

My own reception was such as would be accorded to a friend whom we had supposed to be dead, but who appears after many years, again to mingle his life with ours. The whole village devoted the next three days to feasting and rejoicing. The old chief, Sitting Bull, was as glad to see me as though I had been an own son; while my little squaw was perfectly overjoyed.

I did not suppose there was any person living to whom my going or coming could possibly be of any interest, and for the first time in many years I experienced the pleasure of knowing that I was loved; and that love seemed precious to me, though it came from a poor Indian girl.

We remained in the village nearly a week before any opportunity occurred to test the courage of the cockney, until one morning he took his gun and started out for a hunt. The rest of the party remained in the village, and we could not make effective use of the primitive weapons.

At first they thought that the arrow was a missile aimed at their own fair persons, but the bold and skillful hand which had shot the bolt had aimed carefully. It had been hurled from a crossbow, one of the old-time weapons, which, before the era of gunpowder, was a favorite with the men of the mountain land, and even now, few of the mountaineers were there who could not make effective use of the primitive weapons.

Catherine was the first to discover the nature of the missile and also to discern the note wrapped so carefully around it.

"It is an arrow and with a note affixed to it!" she cried, springing forward

by Alexina, for the burden borne by the cord was somewhat weighty, began to draw it up.

To the end of the cord a strong rope was affixed; and to this succeeded the rope ladder, which, with steady hands, the two women at length grasped and drew in.

In one corner of the room, quite near to the window, was a massive book-case, curiously carved and weighing three or four hundred pounds at the least.

To this piece of furniture Catherine tied the ends of the ladder securely.

And then with a silent prayer to Heaven to aid the men who, in the teeth of the storm, were about to make the perilous attempt, the countess gave the signal that all was prepared for the dangerous performance.

The storm roared and howled without; the Turkish sentry, posted upon the roof of the tower, had found a snug corner, partially protected from the fury of the elements, and was vainly endeavoring to make himself comfortable.

Little need of a strict watch upon such a night and in such a position he thought. A bird alone could hope to reach the top of the tower.

Not a single glance then to the seaward did the sentinel cast. Crouching in his sheltered nook he cursed the evil fortune which had condemned him to the lonely watch, and sighed mournfully for the bed in the barrack-room with his more fortunate comrades.

Watching anxiously by the window, after the signal had been given that all was in readiness for the dangerous attempt, the two ladies saw the ladder suddenly tighten as though a heavy weight had been placed upon the other end.

The leader of the scaling-party had commenced the ascent.

And then in due time the head and shoulders of a man appeared in the gloomy void beneath the window.

Nimbly the well-armed soldier climbed and then, when he reached the window, agile as a monkey, he leaped into the apartment.

It was the American, Robert Lauderdale.

The countess was in a measure disappointed; she had expected to see the pale and thoughtful face of the Scarlet Captain.

"Thanks to you, ladies, we shall be able to take this strong tower which otherwise would have defied all our efforts," he exclaimed, exultingly. "This exploit will ring throughout all Europe, and to the gentleman so intimately connected with you, countess, the idea must be credited. Had it not been for the Scarlet Captain, we should never have thought of scaling the tower from the sea and at midnight."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN ASTONISHED SENTINEL.

"And where is he?" Alexina asked; she had waited for a moment to allow Catherine to put the question, for she saw that the natural inquiry was on the lips of the countess, but the pride of the heiress of Scutari was too great to allow her to betray her curiosity.

"He is below," the American replied; "he would have ascended first, but his brother-officers objected. There was a doubt, of course, as to the feasibility of the attempt, and his life is too precious to be lightly risked."

An expression of profound amazement appeared on Catherine's face as she listened to the speech. Lauderdale noticed the look, but misunderstood the cause.

"Of course we were not sure that this was the window of your apartment," he explained, thinking the countess's amazement arose from the Montenegrans questioning the practicability of the bold attempt. "We fancied that we saw your faces, ladies, framed in the case, but the night was so dark and the storm so wild, that we were not sure. Of course there was a chance that we had made a mistake, and that the arrow had fallen into the possession of some one of the Turkish officers, and that the first man up the ladder would find that foes, not friends, awaited him at the top. If you noticed, I paused just as my head reached the level of the window."

"And if instead of us you had seen the Turkish officers?" Alexina inquired, with true womanly curiosity.

"I should have leaped backward into the sea at once. It was a forlorn hope, ladies, and I was fully prepared for the worst."

"You spoke of the life of the Scarlet Captain as being too valuable to be risked in this attempt," said Catherine, unable to longer restrain her curiosity. "Is his life worth more to him than yours to you?"

"Oh, no, but to the Montenegrans he is worth a hundred such men as I am," Lauderdale replied. "He has the head to plan, I only the hand to execute. Why, ladies, with a force not reaching three thousand men he has utterly defeated a Turkish army of over ten thousand, commanded, too, by three of the ablest generals in the sultan's service; in all the Turkish ranks no three better men than Ismail Bey, Mukhtar Pasha and Osman Pasha. Over ten thousand soldiers, the best troops that Turkey can boast, these three men led to invade Montenegro. One single day's fight and this powerful force has been destroyed; as an army it exists no longer. Osman Pasha is a prisoner in our hands, and over two thousand men and officers besides. Mukhtar has been forced to run in such hot haste that it is doubtful if he does not die of rage ere Alibain is reached, and the great man of them all, Ismail Bey, is shut up here securely in this old tower, and now that we have succeeded in gaining an entrance, the chances are that he will be our prisoner before he is an hour older. And all this we owe to the Scarlet Captain. Is his life not valuable, then? too valuable to be risked in such a dare-devil enterprise as was the ascent of yonder ladder, with no knowledge of the reception that awaited one?"

"What is this mystery that surrounds this man?" cried Catherine, impatiently. "Who is the Scarlet Captain? What is his name? You know it well enough; why do you not tell me? Has he requested you to observe silence? Why should I, who am so deeply interested in him, be kept in the dark as to who and what he really is?"

Lauderdale laughed; the countess had spoken with true womanly impatience.

"He will be here in a moment, and you can question him yourself," he replied; "but I am wasting time, and we might be unfortunately interrupted. There are ten boats with fifty men in them swinging against the base of the tower, waiting for me to give them the signal to ascend. We had a desire of a time to get the boats, for we only determined upon this enterprise late in the afternoon, after we had got the worst of the artillery duel and ascertained to our full satisfaction that we could make no impression at all upon the tower with our guns."

With eager haste Lauderdale had examined the manner in which the end of the ladder had been secured.

"Strong enough to hold a dozen!" he exclaimed; "let me compliment you, ladies, upon your skill!" And then hurrying to the window,

dow, he signaled to the men beneath. This accomplished, he took up a position by the door, all in readiness to prevent a surprise.

And the moment the signal reached the men without, up the ladder they came, one following the other in regular succession, all moving with stealthy caution. They were all well-armed, sabers belted to their sides, pistols in their belts and long rifles—ever the favorite weapon of the mountaineers—slung to their backs.

There was danger that a careless movement—a dash of a saber scabbard against the rocky wall—might attract the attention of the sentinel on the roof; if this were to happen, good-bye to the surprise; the alarm would be given on the instant and all of the daring assailants who had succeeded in gaining admittance to the tower would fall an easy prey to the aroused Moslem host.

But, the darkness of the night—the moaning of the storm, the noise of the restless, ever-tossing waves lashing the base of the tower, favored the bold attempt.

Man after man ascended the ladder—a fragile thing apparently, but of great strength—and entered the apartment, until the whole of the armed force, fifty-two men in all, were gathered in the room.

The last man to enter at the window was the Scarlet Captain.

The two ladies had withdrawn into one corner of the room and stood watching the animated scene with a great deal of interest. This sudden eruption of the armed Montenegrans force meant liberty to them.

A short conference the Scarlet Captain held with the American.

"There is a sentinel without; I can hear him pacing up and down the passage-way, and plainly discern the rattle of his musket as he loaded it every now and then," Lauderdale explained.

"We must take measures to secure him. Come with me to the counter; we will need his aid in the matter."

Two approached the ladies.

Briefly the Scarlet Captain explained his plan.

"There is a sentinel without, and it is necessary to either capture or kill him before we can advance," he said. "I am aware to shedding useless blood; this single man's life will not either free or enslave Montenegro; therefore I prefer rather to capture than to kill him.

Hassan El Moola had been knocked down and disabled early in the fight. The edge of Lauderdale's saber and the head of the bull-necked Turk had become acquainted, much to the damage of the head, thanks to the American's stout arm.

"Where is Ismail Bey?" was the first inquiry of the Scarlet Captain, after the Turks had thrown down their arms. During the fray he had been carried, despite his will, to the other side of the guns from where the renegade had made his determined stand.

"I saw him yonder, but a moment ago," Lauderdale answered, wiping away the blood from an ugly saber-cut on his cheek, which he had received from Ismail's hand in the fight.

"He gave me this clip on the cheek, and then before I could return the compliment there was a rush of men between us and we were separated."

"He ran up the stairway," said one of the Montenegrans, who had happened to notice the retreat of the Moslem chief.

For a moment the two friends gazed at each other, a look of apprehension common to both their features, the same thought in their minds.

Wherefore should Ismail Bey fly to the interior of the tower?

There were no outlets of escape in that direction; he could not hope to gain ingress from the tower by flying to the walls or roof unless indeed he intended to emulate the example of the Scarlet Captain and take a leap from the roof into the sea. He must surrender at last, why not surrender now?

The Countess of Scutari.

She was in her lonely apartment in the tower; no means of defense, no protector. Ismail Bey, baffled and defeated, his army destroyed, his prestige as a general seriously impaired, and now fated to fall into the hands of the men he hated, and feared too, for was he not a renegade to the mountain race? might he not in this moment of despair attempt to rob the victor of the prize of the victory?

(To be continued—commenced in No. 394.)

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FIGHT FOR THE TOWER.

Along the walls the sentinels paced their beats, and two guarded the gate.

In the center of the court-yard were two field-pieces trained to bear directly on the gate, and by the side of the guns a little squad of gunners with lighted matches, protected from the rain by rubber blankets, were squatting, some of them dozing, others busily listening to a story-teller engaged in spinning one of those long yarns in which the Oriental nations delight.

From the guard-house, too, came the sounds of conversation.

Clearly to attempt to surprise these sleepless men and capture them without exciting a general alarm, was impossible, and the Montenegrans leader perceived at a glance that the Turks were prepared for a midnight attack. The guns trained upon the gate proved this, and the terrible indeed would have been the reception accorded to an attacking party attempting to pass the gate.

With the quick instinct of the born general, the Scarlet Captain perceived his opportunity. To the men clustered in the dark mouth of the staircase he gave his whispered orders, and then, with a wild yell, the Montenegrans dashed across the court-yard.

The gunners were sabered at their posts, as in profound amazement, they sprung to their feet. The burning matches which fell from their hands were caught up at once by the Montenegrans, and applied to the guns, and with a terrible roar the battery flamed forth its storm of iron ball.

Trained upon the gate, the discharge swept away the stout barrier as easily as though it had been framed of pasteboard instead of solid oak plank, strengthened with many a bar and bolt.

The entrance now was clear, and the Empires defeated the Knickerbockers, at Hoboken, by a score of 28 to 17 in a nine-innings game. In this contest the Empires played Messrs. Gough, c.; Thorne, p.; Leavy, 1st b.; Miller, 2d b.; Moore, 3d b.; Smith, s. s.; with Benson, Hoyt and Newkirk in the out-field. The Knickerbockers had Charley De Bost as catcher, with Willing as pitcher; Stephens, Mott and Neuber on the bases; Dr. Adams at short stop, and Davis, Vreedenberg and Tucker in the field. Bloomfield and Grinnell were umpires, and Bixby referee.

On Sept. 22d, 1857, the Eckfords of Brooklyn played the Eagles of New York at Hoboken. It was the second match of the series, and it was regarded with special interest by the Brooklyn club, they having lost the first game. In the first innings the score stood at 5 to 5, and in the second it stood 7 to 7. In the third innings the Eagles took the lead by 9

to 7. The Eckfords battled well for their lost position, but could not recover it, the Eagles finally winning by 23 to 22 in an eight-innings game, the contest occupying over three hours. The Eagle nine consisted of the following players: Gelston, c.; Bixby, p.; Yates, 1st b.; Gilman, 2d b.; Place, 3d b.; Smith, s. s.; Winslow Williams and Wandell in the field. The contest attracted about three hundred spectators quite a large crowd for those days. The Eckfords were, Frank Pidgeon, c.; McWhay, p.; Tostivian, 1st b.; Caulkins, 2d b.; Logan, 3d b.; Grum, s. s.; and Manot, Gray and Curtis in the field.

Ismail Bey had been one of the first to gain the court-yard and offer desperate resistance to the assailants, but when the Montenegrans from without came pouring through the gateway, he realized that the fortunes of the hour were decided, and that the evil genius which had seemed so strongly against them, they became panic-stricken, threw down their arms and cried for mercy.

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Like a demon he had fought; few men in this life who could wield a saber with the strength and skill of the renegade, and at the head of a desperate squad who, instinctively, had attached themselves to this bold swordsman, he had offered most excellent resistance to the Montenegrans attack.

Until the appearance of the desperate renegade, the struggle had been but little... and then a massacre, the Moslems falling almost without resistance beneath the sabers of the hour.

But, the darkness of the night—the moaning of the storm, the noise of the restless, ever-tossing waves lashing the base of the tower, favored the bold attempt.

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TIM'S LOVE-LETTER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

It's dying I am for to see you,
And I can't tell the sun from the moon,
And I never will live till I die.
Unless you will come back soon.
My heart is broken over me body
To have you come back and return.
For, oh, you are gone in your absence,
And that is what gives me concern.

It has been just a month since I saw you,
And I never have looked on you since;
I miss you because I can't see you,
And we're parted but you're gone hence.
I wish I could get this letter
I'd mail it in the telegraph quick;
I'd fly to your lips just this minute
And there like a stamp I would stick.

I mourn for you all the day long, love,
And the eight hour system's too short,
When I wake up of you I am dreaming;
You're the nightmare of my heart.

You're the poison that's sick of my heart;
You're the poison that's sick of my heart;
You're the poison that's sick of my heart;

When you know is some kin to my ghost;

In a freezing cold stove may I roast.

Your face it is stuck full of fatuities;
And pimples—how on, if you please;

It's dimples I mean, and not spelling;

Makes me make a minkie with much ease;

And I'm a minkie with much ease;

More than any I've happened to see,

And, oh, for a life-lease upon it,

Let no Irish apply there but me!

I'm out of me mind since you're in it,

I'm a liar if this isn't true,

And I am beside myself,

Since it is I am beside you.

The days are as dark as the nights, dear,

And the nights are as dark as the days,

And it will be after coming.

Don't hurry, but hast as you please.

For to case upon you, and behold you,

Would be something I dearly should prize;

I would rather you'd come than me wages;

I am tired to death of your absence;

So come here and take it away,

And bring me a bit of your presence—

If not sooner, then come now, I pray.

Woods and Waters;

OR,

The Rambles of the Littleton Gun Club.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

I.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT.

You may not be able to find Littleton on the maps of New York State, but for all that it lies nestled in a sunlit little nook of its own, under the shadow of a great mountain, in full view of the romantic Hudson at its most romantic point. You know how the great river, flowing so placidly along from Albany to Newburgh, all of a sudden dives into the midst of a confederacy of wooded highlands, descending like a cataract in course, and almost surrounding West Point. Over West Point towers Cronest, and under the morning shadow of Cronest, almost out of hearing of the bugles at the Military Academy, nestle the white cottages and gray roofs of Littleton.

Littleton thinks smethin' of itself. It has a school-house, quite large enough to accommodate its scholars, two stores, a church with a spire, a tavern with a livery stable, and a blacksmith-shop. Moreover, Littleton has no less than three distinct parties. One meets at Luke Goller's store to talk politics, read the paper aloud, and drink hard cider; that is the old farmer's party. The second meets at Widow Spriggin's sewing-circle every Friday evening, to hold intercessory services "under the direction of Mrs. President Durcas Briggs, who teaches the school. That is the young folks' party, boys and girls, intent on spelling-bees and reciting poetry. The third party was recently formed, and is the subject of these reminiscences; for wasn't I there when it was organized, and didn't I help to run it?

We used to meet at Old Mart's blacksmith-shop on almost any evening in the week—which, we were not particular. We all called him "Mart," and I hardly think any one in the village knew what else his name was. Martin Something—or-other he must have been—Brown, Green, or something else. I remember right, it was Sykes—but no one called him anything but "Old Mart," and I suppose that name will do as well as another for these pages.

Mart was the village blacksmith when he chose to work, but there was so little work to do that the forge-fire was out more than half the week, the smithy shut up, and Old Mart away on the mountain or down the river. Wherever he was, he was sure to have a knot of young fellows with him, generally from the city, and he was showing them how to circumvent the game with which the countryside then abounded.

For Mart, besides being a blacksmith, was a famous hunter and fisherman, the best in all Orange county, and he never, that I ever heard, brooked any one in Littleton or another man in the village. Mart's fame as a hunter and his good nature attracted city sportsmen to the place, and they told their friends, who came on their recommendation. The result was that the "Putnam Hotel" was generally full all the summer with young fellows up for a vacation, and Mart's business as a guide brought him in all the spare cash he wanted.

I suppose it was this fact that ultimately led to the formation of the Littleton Gun Club. There were a number of us who lived in the neighborhood, near West Point and Cornwall, Old Mart and all the rest of the country. So my mother, at Mart's smithy one evening, and out of the chance proposal of Oscar Ryder, one of our number, grew the Littleton Gun Club, which afterward turned out so many fine sportsmen. After that evening the club became a flourishing institution, and at the time I speak of had lived a happy life for two years.

We were not troubled with constitutions and by-laws. Any person in the club who had a jolly friend, no matter if he had never fired a gun in his life, could bring him in and make him a member. All we required was that he should be civil, use no coarse language, and obey old Mart's orders. Mart was our perpetual president, and settled all disputes as soon as they arose by the simple process of telling the boys to "sit on" the disputants. And they all did it so effectually, and hammered the nonsense out of the bumptious new-comers so completely, that you never heard a loud or sharp word at Mart's smithy.

I think I see the old fellow now, leaning on his anvil after his day's work, the rays of the evening sun shining through the open door, while the rest of the club gathered round the shop, sitting on old wagon bodies or wheels, but all grouped near Mart. His president's chair was the anvil, and his gavel was the shoe-hammer that lay there, but he seldom had occasion to use it. When he did, there was only mighty hard work to do.

Mart was a long, thin wiry old fellow, as dark in the face as a Spaniard, but that came of the sun, for his brown hair and gray-green eyes showed that his natural complexion was probably light. His knotted arms were by no means large, but they were as hard as bronze if one felt them, and he almost always had them bare. He wore a long, grizzled, sandy beard, long hair escaping from under a battered old white hat, and his dress generally consisted of dingy gray shirt and trowsers, with rawhide boots, innocent of blacking. Coming on him in the woods on an autumn day, at a little distance, he had a grayish, ghostly appearance, like the bark of an old tree, and he could make himself invisible in the woods quicker than any man I ever saw.

Near old Mart, on the nave of a wheel, sat our best shot and finest fellow, Captain Bruce of the army. Bruce was a mighty hun-

ter, who had killed almost every sort of game that runs and flies in America, while he was stationed out at the frontier posts. He belonged to the cavalry, and had seen service from Oregon to Texas, but whenever he came home on leave, he always made for Littleton and our club, of which he was the pride and boast.

Bruce was a handsome fellow, and very careful about his hunting-dress, which was generally of gray velvetine. Some of the boys called him a dandy when they first saw him, but they never repeated it after they had seen him, for the dandy was the most untiring member of the party, and the best shot after old Mart. His bright blue eye was as clear as Mart's, his greenish orbs, and his long, drooping flaxen mustache covered a regular fitting chin, square and resolute.

Next to Bruce sat Charley Green, little Charley Green, the favorite and butt of the boys. Charley was very "fresh" in hunting matters, but made up in eagerness what he lacked in skill. He was in fact hunting-crazy, and so anxious to learn that everybody was glad to help him. He made innumerable blunders, and laughed at them so heartily himself that no one else laughed at him so much as with him. Charley was got up in a black velvetine suit, with a scarlet necktie, about as fit for the woods as a full-dress uniform, but nothing would induce him to change it till Mart ordered him, and Mart had not ordered him.

Then there was Tom Dean, the drygoods drummer, who spent all his vacations at Littleton; Long Country, the real estate man, who spent two years and weighed only a hundred and forty; Coventry prided himself on his like-ness to Wild Bill, the famous scout, and put on a good many airs about it; Bob Murphy, the insurance clerk, with the reddest heel at the Putnam Hotel, and three or four Littletonians, among whom the writer of these reminiscences sat in a quiet corner, a looker-on in Littleton.

"Tain't by no means difficult," old Mart was saying. "I kin teach any of you boys to shoot on the wing, if you'll onlyoller what I says."

"Oh, woudn't I like to learn!" cried Charley Green. "It seems to me that I never shall be able to hit a bird on the wing. I blaze away and never hits a feather."

"I kin jest one reason you don't hit 'em," said old Mart, kindly. "cause you don't kiver 'em. Do you savey, young feller? You've a charge of shot in your gun, and you lets drive. That's shot goes straight out o' that 'ere harl—jest as straight as a bee line for a matter o' ten rod. Ef there's a bird in that 'ere line, that 'ere bird's a-goin' to get the shot out o' that 'ere harl. The trouble is, your barl don't pint at the bird when you tech off the trigger, that's all."

"And will you teach me how to do it right?" said Charley, eagerly.

"Sartin, I will, and any of the boys as wants to learn," said Mart. "There's plenty o' light for you to master of an hour, and you've got your guns. Come down to the old target-ground, and we'll have a lesson on shooting by Mr. Mart Sykes."

We all jumped up, delighted, for we knew that old Mart, in his homely way, could tell us a good deal. We all had our guns with us, for the club never met except in that way, and old Mart preceded us out of the back door of the smithy into the ten-acre lot, at the end of which stood Mart's barn. The old hunter went into his cottage beside the smithy for a moment, and returned carrying his old double-barreled gun and a number of big squares of paper under his arm.

"Now, young fellers," he said, when we arrived near the barn, "this here Charley Green is the wust shot o' the hull crowd, ain't he?" "Well, I'm a-goin' to train that boy to be the best shot o' ye all, 'cept Cap' Bruce. What d'ye think o' that? And afore he leaves here to-night he'll kiver a spot correct. That's what's the matter. Here, you, Sime Lawrence, tack up this here target over the old 'uns, and we'll all the former spots round the target.

Mart spoke again. "Lester by Mr. Sykes, Esk-wire. Ahem! Gentlemen all, and you Charley Green in especial, you jest listen to what I say. Here we are, thirty measured yards from 'ere target, and that's spot represents a bird. You savey? Now none o' you young fellers kin ever become good shots, unless you find out why and how you miss. You fire at a bird in the air and miss him, but you don't know when you shot it. You kin find the charge in the barn. Sime's kivered with the old shot-holes with fresh white-wash, and the new ones 'll show plain. You, Charley Green, load your gun and fire at that spot."

Charley had a bran-new Remington breech-loader, bought only the day before, of which he was very proud. In a moment he had thrown open the breech and put in a couple of cartridges, snapped to the gun, and was ready.

"Now, young feller, fire quick and let's see where you go. Aim at the spot, remember, and aim quick. Fire away."

Charley, full of nervous excitement, pitched up his gun to his shoulder and let drive. The charge flew into the air, the barn, and we could see the splinters fly, but it was above the target, at three feet, and off some four feet to the right. Old Mart smiled grimly as he laid his hand on Charley's shoulder.

"You see your trouble now, young feller. You didn't kiver that spot at all. If that had been a bird, you wouldn't ha' hurt a feather. Now listen to me. You see that little brass stud on the end of the rib between your two bars? That's the sight. Now you jest lay your eye to the holler in the rib at the breech of your gun and look along it at the black spot in the target. That sight ought to kiver the bottom of the spot. When it kivers, you kiver. Then pull, and mind you don't pull off. You savey? Fire away!"

This time Charley drew up his gun slowly and took aim along the rib as Mart told him. Sime went to the target and the charge rattled into the paper target, spotting it all over. Old Mart grinned grimly.

"That's better, but 'tain't perfect. You see the right-hand corner of the target. The left of the charge went in there and the bullet's eye only has one or two pellets in it. You pulled off the gun in pulling the trigger, that's what you did. Now you jest cock that gun, empty as she is, and aim at that spot. Then pull both triggers, one after the other, and see if you move the sight."

Again Charley did as he was directed. "Yes, sir. First the right sight moved. Second barrel, she was all steady."

"Well, then," said Old Mart, "you jest cock her and aim at my right eye. I'll soon see if you pull off."

"But isn't it dangerous?" asked Charley, again.

"Not when I tell you to do it, young feller," said Mart, gravely. "I'm the boss here, but don't you do that to any one but the boss on the boss's orders. Now do it."

Again Charley obeyed orders, while we watched with some interest. Snap went the first barrel.

"You pulled off, youngster. Don't do that again," said the old hunter sternly. "Cock the gun and repeat."

The second time, Charley apparently did not. Mart watched the sight and his pupil's eye nervously.

"Try her again, and begin to do it quick," he said.

Five or six times the young fellow repeated

the trial, till Mart said: "There, that'll do. Load her up again and fire at that target. Stop. You Sime, put on a fresh target. Now, Charley, you jest remember that quick and correct kiver is the hull science of shootin'. Don't never shoot no birds sittin'. It's mean. A target's the thing to learn at. You don't waste powder and shot. Now, Sime's ready. Aim quick, aim correct, and give her both barrels one arter the other."

Bang, bang, went Charley's gun, and the target was riddled with holes.

"Now, boys, come down, and let's see what our wust shot had done," said Mart, starting for the target. When he got there he resumed his lecture.

"Look here, boys. You see them black places in a big hole. They're the center's of the two charges. That is what kills, sure. One of 'em's right on the hull's-eye, and the other's a matter o' two inches low. They was both killin' shots. Now, young feller, you've had your first lesson in shootin'. Don't you forget it. Practice in your own room at a spot on the wall with an empty gun. Do it whenever you get a chance. He've two spots, one at each side of your room, and wheel about from one to the other, till you kin kiver quick. That's the hull secret of shootin'."

"End of Mr. Sykes's first lecture. I'm a-goin' arter squirrels on the mountain to-morrow. Will go with me?"

"I," and "I," and "I," came from a number of voices.

"Well, then, be ready at dawn, for I'm out afore sun-up," said the hunter, turning away. "Good-night, boys."

And the Littleton Gun Club broke up for the night.

ENDEAVOR.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Lifting the burdens one by one,
With profit I would use the hours,
Leaving no duty but to undone.
Instead the time I idly pass,
Or fill the days with work ill-done,
And look at life but through a glass.
My wasted moments I bewail,
And for perfection of my ways,
I only strive, and striving fail.
And yet perchance some angel good,
Recording what I will to do,
Smiles as for doing what I would.

The Mysterious Indian.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTUMN leaves lay deep along the banks of the Republican, and the blue mist of Indian summer hung low over plain and forest of Nebraska.

A wreath of blue smoke rising from amidst the tall, bristling cottonwoods near Indian Trail Ford told where Major Tipton's emigrant-party had gone into camp for a few days to rest their wearied animals and repair damages after a long journey over the plains of Nebraska.

We all jumped up, delighted, for we knew that old Mart, in his homely way, could tell us a good deal. We all had our guns with us, for the club never met except in that way, and old Mart preceded us out of the back door of the smithy into the ten-acre lot, at the end of which stood Mart's barn. The old hunter went into his cottage beside the smithy for a moment, and returned carrying his old double-barreled gun and a number of big squares of paper under his arm.

"It was a merry little party of some twenty persons all told, and their journey had been one of continuous pleasure so far, despite the dangers that were known to beset their way.

There were four women in the party, and one of these was Ada, the maid of Major Tipton. Ada Tipton was but sixteen, yet to see her was to admire her. To know her was to love her. If a stranger, Indian or white man, chance to call at camp, Ada was sure to become the object of their rude, covetous stare, much to the maiden's embarrassment and the fears of her friends.

No one had enjoyed the journey across the prairies more than Ada. The open air and beauties of nature around her had given an additional glow to her cheeks and exuberance to her spirit, and no sooner had they gone into camp on the Republican than she, in company with some children, rambled off into the timber to enjoy the ripe glories of the October woods in the mellow evening air.

No one had enjoyed the journey across the prairies more than Ada. The open air and beauties of nature around her had given an additional glow to her cheeks and exuberance to her spirit, and no sooner had they gone into camp on the Republican than she, in company with some children, rambled off into the timber to enjoy the ripe glories of the October woods in the mellow evening air.

No one had enjoyed the journey across the prairies more than Ada. The open air and beauties of nature around her had given an additional glow to her cheeks and exuberance to her spirit, and no sooner had they gone into camp on the Republican than she, in company with some children, rambled off into the timber to enjoy the ripe glories of the October